The Pagan Library

"Rainbows"

Jennifer Holding

Where dwelleth my Lady in this land of Night?
She dwelleth in stars and satin moonlight.
She veileth her visage 'neath clouds spun of silk,
And the Night-Sky's a river of my sweet Mother's milk.

Where dwelleth my good Lord on this Summer's day?
He dwelleth in birdsong and fragrance of hay.
He sleeps by the river with pipes in his hand,
And he sends his love smiling through the fruit of the land.

Where dwelleth my Lady at Morning's first light?
And where is my Lord on the eve of the Night?
At Luna's last shining, or Sun's final ray,
Their passion paints Rainbows 'tween the Night and the Day!

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